

How to Survive Camp DragonFire

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Summary: A dangerous viking camp has been set up in Berk and only the strongest and best will stay alive till the end. Other than that strange things are happening to Hiccup and mysterious people are arriving to Berk. Sequel to "How to Tame a Winter Storm".
Enjoy!

1. Chapter 1: Cold Night

****A/N:** This is the sequel to "How to Tame a Winter Storm"! WHOOO! I'm really excited to write this! Thanks to everyone who added me on Author Alert and to everyone who's excited to read this! **

Staring up at the darkening sky, Hiccup shouted out and began to whither in the snow. Fishlegs and Anella immediately held him down at both sides and he stopped a minute later. His breath was coming out short and ragged like someone was trying was choke him and he was struggling to keep his breathing right.

Not only was his breathing awful, but so was the color of his skin. He was really pale—almost white as the snow on the ground. It wasn't healthy. You would turn that color if you were on your deathbed.

This was what everyone hoped Hiccup was not.

Frozenwing the Ice Zephyr fluttered over Hiccup's head with his strong wings beating quickly. He shook his head sadly as his eyes ran up and down the poor viking's body.

After, he flew over to Toothless and whispered something into the Night Fury's ear. The Night Fury sighed and nodded slowly.

Toothless' heart was going to break in half that day. It was going to crack and the only medicine for it would be Hiccup being okay.

When Toothless looked over at Hiccup, his eyes filled up with tears and even darkened in color. But no sound came out of him. Not even a quiet whimper.

"Frozenwing? What do we do?" Anella called out to the little dragon; who was telling something to the other dragons.

"I want all the dragons to keep Hiccup and the rest of the vikings warm till morning. In the morning we head over to Flame and Flurry Island, where Blaze will heal Hiccup," Frozenwing told her, "Well most of him. And he'll treat the other vikings too." Frozenwing's thin eyes skittered over to Astrid and Snotlout.

Astrid was asleep on Goldsmoke's back. She kept shifting in her sleep and from time to time, her eyes would snap open for a moment. It was as if she was waiting for something to happen, but it never did. As soon as she'd skim the area over, her eyes would snap shut again.

Snotlout was curled up under Fireworm's good wing. The wing provided good warmth, but he still shivered from time to time.

Unlike Astrid, he didn't wake up once yet. All this time he slept with his hand over his head injury and his other one curled up into his stomach.

The twins were huddled next to their Zippleback, wide awake. They seemed frightened by Hiccup's strange actions and couldn't seem to fall asleep. Ruffnut gripped her brother's arm tightly. Tuffnut didn't seem to mind at all.

"W-what exactly is w-wrong with H-Hiccup?" Tuffnut asked Anella; who asked Frozenwing.

The little ice dragon finally landed on the snow next to Fishlegs and looked up at Anella with his sapphire blue eyes. He didn't blink once as he stared at her. When he breathed out, his breath came out in small nervous puffs.

It looked as if he was about to say something, but something was keeping him from doing so. The thing was that Anella knew that Frozenwing probably knew what was wrong with Hiccup.

She had a feeling that it wasn't a normal sickness you'd get in the wintertime. This was one of those sicknesses that Blaze read about in those big dusty books. Ones that made you scratch your head at the name.

Just when she thought Frozenwing wasn't going to say anything, he opened his mouth.

"He has..." The little dragon hung his head. He either didn't want to say it because it could freak them out or it was something else.

Anella translated for Fishlegs, Tuffnut and Ruffnut; who didn't understand Dragonese.

"We need to know!" Ruffnut gasped from where she sat next to her

brother.

Anella asked Frozenwing if he could please tell them.

"I won't tell you now. But what I will say is this: he has something dangerous inside him. He needs medical treatment badly." Frozenwing told her and looked away so that he didn't have to answer any more questions.

Anella gulped and turned to the others. As she told them, Fishlegs looked down at Hiccup with sorrowful eyes. There was nothing anyone could really say about his expression except that he cared.

When they were little and no played with Hiccup, because he was so small, Fishlegs always came up to him. They acted like brothers to each other. Both knew what the other liked doing in his past time. Both knew each other's likes and dislikes. The only time that they drifted away from each other was when Hiccup helped Gobber around at the blacksmith's hut.

What Fishlegs remembered well was how long ago when Snotlout teased him and called him horrible names, little seven year old Hiccup would march out of the blacksmith's hut with a hammer half his height and weight dragging out behind him.

"Don't say that to him!" Hiccup would cry out in a slightly high-pitch voice and grip the hammer tightly.

"BAHAHAHA! Oh I am so scared now! Little itty-bitty Hiccup is going to hurt me now!" Snotlout would roar out in laughter and Tuffnut would end up cracking up with laughter beside him.

At that moment, Hiccup would stomp closer to Snotlout and drop the handle of the hammer right on the tall boy's foot.

The handle of the hammer was made of wood, but it was really heavy and would give you a pretty nasty bruise if it fell on any part of you.

So at that moment, Snotlout yowled out in pain and Tuffnut had begun to laugh louder.

"YOU IDIOT! GET THE STUPID HANDLE OFF MY FOOT!" Snotlout had shouted at Tuffnut.

Hiccup had grabbed Fishlegs' hand and dragged the boy away into the blacksmith's hut, where he had locked all the doors and closed all the windows, so Snotlout wouldn't have been able to get in.

From that day on, Snotlout didn't tease Fishlegs as much. But through those next few weeks after Hiccup had dropped the hammer's handle on Snotlout's foot, Snotlout still brought the teasing and name-calling up.

"I'll get Hiccup to drop an axe on your foot next time!" Fishlegs would snap at him. Snotlout usually had left Fishlegs alone after that.

Of course as the years went by, Snotlout didn't really believe in Fishlegs' threats anymore. He began to tease Hiccup after.

Now that Fishlegs sat there right beside dying Hiccup, he wondered why he hadn't been able to do anything to protect Hiccup from Snotlout back in the day. Hiccup had done so much for him, which included being a great friend over the years.

"Anella, please ask Frozenwing to tell us something about what's going on with Hiccup!" Fishlegs pleaded and Anella gave a short nod, before looking down at the small dragon.

"I can understand Norse, you know?" Frozenwing held up his tiny paw, before Anella could speak, "And I will promise you that you'll find out about Hiccup soon."

By now the Ice Zephyr just looked annoyed and slowly fluttered up into the air. He flew over to the rest of the Zephyrs; who were all fast asleep in a giant clump.

Anella craned her neck to see where Frozenwing went. As soon as the miniature dragon landed on top of the pile of Ice Zephyrs, he fell asleep almost immediately.

"So?" Fishlegs asked her.

She sighed and shook her head, "Nothing. I guess we will have to wait till tomorrow night. I bet that's when we'll only make it to Flame and Flurry Island. I hope poor Hiccup can last that long!" Anella trailed off.

At this time, Toothless came over to Hiccup and lay down beside his master. Frozenwing had told him to keep Hiccup as warm as possible. Even if Hiccup began to sweat and saying that he was too hot. The Night Fury unfolded his right wing and placed it over Hiccup like a thick blanket.

"G'night, Hiccup." Fishlegs got up and Anella got up after him.

The two went over to Greenfang. Both were without their coats, so they felt the cold coming in like needles through their shirts. Fishlegs lay down one side of Greenfang and Anella on the other.

Sleeping beside a Gronckle and relying on him for warmth wasn't exactly the best idea. Greenfang was a deep sleeper, so the warmth that came from his body kept vanishing. Plus he snored really, really loud, so it was hard getting any sleep.

His wings were also really small, so they couldn't even cover Anella and Fishlegs.

After about 3 hours of trying to get some sleep, Anella raised her head from the snow.

"Psst! Fishlegs!" she hissed from where she lifted her head from the snow.

"What?" he hissed back.

"I can't feel my butt and legs. Plus my hands are all frozen over. And Greenfang keeps talking in his sleep about things I'd rather not

mention!" Anella hissed louder.

"Wanna move over to Ruff's and Tuff's Zippleback? They have a lot of room there!" Fishlegs whispered.

Anella didn't have to answer. She was already trying to get to her feet. The problem was that she couldn't really feel her legs and feet, so she speed-crawled across to Bronzespark and Lightningflight.

The twins were snoring in front of the dragon, so the Zippleback's wings were free to crawl under. Fishlegs and Anella were lucky that the wings were even unfolded in the first place.

The minute the two settle in under the wings, both fell asleep almost immediatelyâ€|

xxx

On board a small boat there was a girl and her dragon.

The boat was in no good condition and seemed to be falling apart bit by bit as it floated closer and closer to shore. The boat only had half of its mast and had lost its sail long ago. It was as if some giant sea creature had jumped out of the water and took a great big bite out of the mast.

The boat itself looked a lot like a small rowboat. In fact it was. The only problem was that it was missing the oars and the usual rowing benches. If you saw it from a distance, it looked a lot like an oval-shaped bowl.

A scratched, tattered oval-shaped bowl.

The girl had long, messy blonde hair and wide scared green eyes. The dragon that sat in the boat with her was glowing a gold color. It had to be the rare Mood Dragon.

The girl wore a worn out red shirt with a thick belt around her small waist. The shirt was fading in colors, but her belt shone with a glinting curved dagger and what seemed to be silver rope. Along with the shirt, she wore brown pants that had holes in the knees and long thin tears from many sword fights.

The girl was barefoot. She seemed to have lost her fur boots somewhere out at sea and couldn't really remember where. Or it must have been on that last island she had been on. Really, she couldn't exactly remember.

She couldn't remember a lot of things in fact. Maybe not a lot, but not to the point to where it seemed like she had been clonked in the head and suddenly forgot everything. No.

She knew that she was Camicazi and her Mood Dragon's name was Stormfly.

Yes she knew that.

But what she didn't know was why she kept imagining herself in a flowing white dress, prancing around a field and seeing some boy; who

called himself Hiccup.

Hiccup. What a funny name. She chuckled to herself and thought where this so called Hiccup was now.

****A/N:** And here enters our Bog Burglar: Camicazi! You will learn more about what's going on with her later. Hope you guys liked this chapter!******

2. Chapter 2: We are infected

****A/N:** Well here we are! Second chapter! Thanks guys for the reviews!

Early the next morning, the Ice Zephyrs formed their dragon shape. From a distance they actually looked like a giant ice dragon. As you would step closer, you'd see the blinking light blue eyes of all the Ice Zephyrs.

Fishlegs and Anella were to load Hiccup onto the Ice Zephyr ice dragon and then the Ice Zephyrs would get him to Flame and Flurry Island as fast as they could.

But first they were to peel off the frozen coats that stuck to Hiccup. Fishlegs held Hiccup, while Anella ripped off the coats Hiccup was wrapped in. They were all frozen on Hiccup body and the ones closer to his body were all matted and sticky in blood.

Once Hiccup lay there in nothing but his tattered green shirt and his worn out leggings, Anella sucked in her breath and shook her head. Slowly she pulled off Hiccup frozen boot on his right leg. Then she pulled off her own warm right boot and fitted it onto Hiccup's right foot. Hiccup's frozen right boot, she put on her own right foot and winced at the cold.

Next she ripped off a great chunk of fur from her own left boot and wrapped it around Hiccup's left knee. His left leg looked just as awful as it did before, just frozen.

Now that his legs were a least a bit warmed up, it was his body that worried her. Especially his nasty wound on his left side. She reached up for the soft blue and silver headband she wore on her head and untied it. Very carefully she wiped away Hiccup's wet blood with it and then pressed it down on the worst part of the wound. All she needed now was something to bandage up the wound or at least cover it and hold down her headband.

"Give me your belt, Fishlegs." She ordered and held her hand out to the boy.

"What?" he demanded.

"You heard me. Hand it over." She wriggled her fingers.

Turning red, Fishlegs got up and unbuckled the belt around his waist. As soon as it was off, he gripped his pants tightly.

Anella took the sheep skin belt and motioned for Fishlegs to raise Hiccup up a bit, so she could tie the belt three times all around

Hiccup. The belt held down the pressed in headband and even brought a bit of warmth to the boy's frail body.

Hiccup stirred in his deep sleep and moaned a bit.

"It's coming. It'll begin soon!" Hiccup croaked in a crackling voice and Anella made a gentle shushing noise at him.

"Don't worry, Hiccup. You'll be safe soon." She whispered and she leaned in to press her lips against his forehead to check his temperature.

"He's got a raging fever." She told Fishlegs and he didn't say anything.

Slowly, Anella wrapped her arms under Hiccup and lifted him up into her arms. He was light and to her it seemed as if she was caring a dead body. The poor thing had lost so much blood and his body was grasping on such a thin line, that everyone was worried that line could snap any second now and Hiccup will be lost.

She made her way to Toothless, who didn't look like he slept well, and began to explain things to him. He just responded with a soundless nod and a small whimper.

Hiccup was then carried over to the Ice Zephyrs. He was placed on their back and Toothless climbed on too. He curled up around Hiccup, to keep him warm. Anella climbed onto the ice dragon too and sat down next to Toothless.

Fishlegs woke the twins up and together they moved Astrid's weak body and Snotlout onto the ice dragon. Fireworm and Goldsmoke clambered on too.

Frozenwing who had been the nose tip of the ice dragon turned his long head to call out if everyone was ready. Though, he was so small that no one heard him call out.

"Frozenwing, we're ready to go!" Anella shouted when Fishlegs and the twins climbed onto their dragons and got ready to fly up after the ice dragon.

Shaking his head with a smile, Frozenwing faced away and raised his head to the sky.

He let out a high-pitch whistle that only the dragons heard. For the vikings, it was just a vibration through the eardrum.

The rest of the Ice Zephyrs raised their heads to the sky too and the ice dragon looked like it had little spikes on it. The only Ice Zephyrs that didn't raise their heads were the ones that Hiccup, Toothless, Anella, Astrid, Snotlout, Fireworm and Goldsmoke were on.

The shrill cries stopped and the tiny dragons formed their smooth ice dragon. Frozenwing shouted out orders and two giant wings lifted off the ground.

With a low whistle, the Ice Zephyrs zipped into the air with Fishlegs following on his Gronkle and the twins on their

Zippleback.

xxx

Darkness ate up all the light surrounding the one standing figure in the room. There was nothing to see. Not even the boy's own hands as he raised them to his face.

Standing in these empty shadows brought chilling shivers to snake their way down the boy's back. Yes, it was cold.

A loud hissing slithered its way out of the darkness and poured into the boy's little area. He hugged his arms around his own body and prayed that whatever was in the area with him wouldn't hurt him in anyway.

His green eyes darted around and he tried to make out whatever was in front of him. But the shadows of the room were swallowing him up and his eyes itched from the blackness surrounding him.

He reached up to rub his eyes, but suddenly something cold and wet appeared on his arm and he bit his tongue, so he wouldn't scream.

His name was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third and he wasn't about to let whatever was on his arm, scare him. No way.

Taking a step forward, he felt something just as wet and cold wrapped hungrily around his ankles and at that moment he realized that he was barefoot. Cringing, he froze on the spot and gulped.

Fear was eating him up faster than a pack of wolves. He felt cold sweat dripping down the sides of his face and sudden tears spring out of his eyes. No. He was scared. Even he said he wasn't going to be scared, he was.

The wet _thing_ suddenly went away and he raised his hand to wipe on his shirt. His hand felt cold once he wiped off all the slimy _stuff_.

SLAM!

It sounded a lot like a door.

Whimpering, Hiccup sat down on the ground and curled himself up into a tight ball. He covered his head with his hands and looked downward. Whatever or whoever was here better not find him, or he'll probably have a heart attack.

Loud footsteps echoed throughout and Hiccup heard his heart pounding out a whole song. Removing his hand from his head, he sat up and brought his knees to his chest. Rocking back and forth, he tried to listen for anymore sounds.

The hissing seemed to stop and so did the footsteps.

It was one of those moments, where the only sound in the room was your own fast breath coming out and your heart beats going all berserk. But along with fear pushing Hiccup down, there was also something else. Maybe it was confusion.

Whatever it was, it caused him to have tears wriggle their way out of his eyes and roll onto his knees, which he kept to his face.

"WHO GOES THERE?" came the loud growl of a person.

Hiccup didn't know what to say. He even stopped moving.

"I ASKED! WHO IN MIGHTY THOR GOES THERE? ANSWER BEFORE I FIND YOU, VIKING!" came the snarling cry again. A loud cough followed. Someone was trying to sound all big and menacing. It wasn't their real voice.

No matter how hard Hiccup listened in, he just couldn't understand whether the person was a man or a woman. That scared him even more. Men seemed much more dangerous, but women were deadlier.

He didn't hear footsteps after that, but he could tell that the person was approaching him. There was soft snapping of limbs moving along quietly and the smooth breathing of a creeping person.

"Well, hello there." Came a snicker and a cold blade was pressed to Hiccup's cheek, as someone knelt down in front of him.

Gasping, Hiccup raised his head and immediately the blade was pressed to his throat.

The tip of the blade ran along his neckline and he tried not to panic. It was really hard, especially when the blade had already cut a small scratch, which had blood dripping out in small droplets.

A clammy hand grabbed his shoulder and he felt a sharp breathing close to his face. The hand traveled up his shoulder and up his throat. When it reached his face, it grabbed his jaw roughly and Hiccup tried not to cry out in pain.

"Who are you, viking?" the voice whispered sharply and Hiccup just shook his head to get the hand off his jaw.

"Don't you shake your head at me! Speak!" the voice ordered and pressed the blade to his throat more. The hand loosened its grip on his jaw and then Hiccup shook it off.

"My name is Hiccup." He answered. That was all he was going to say. Just his first name. It wasn't clever going around stating your name to just anyone.

"Oh! Really! Sorry!" the person moved the blade off his throat and suddenly Hiccup recognized the voice to be a girls'.

He wanted to laugh to himself. He had been cornered by a girl who didn't seem to dangerous now. But he remembered how a few seconds ago, she had almost slit his throat open and decided not to say anything.

"I bet you were really frightened. You were trembling like a rabbit!" the girl laughed and Hiccup finally began to breath normally.

He wished he could see the girl's face.

"I-I," Hiccup began to say, but the girl pressed a finger to his lips and he stopped. She moved it away and sat down in front of him.

"I betcha you're confused. Well, I was just protecting myself. But I can be pretty dangerous and will slit your throat open if you're some crazy killer. But you aren't! You're Hiccup! I know you! Yeah, I've been infected too. I bet you've been too. Oh goodness me, I talk too much. Oh well, anyways. The name's Camicazi." She grinned and held out her hand.

Hiccup was too scared to really shake anyone's hand at the moment. Plus he couldn't really see it in the first place. And he didn't know this girl. Infected? He was now becoming scared again. What did she mean by that? He wished he knew.

"Uh, hi, Camicaziâ€¦ uh, I don't getâ€¦" he trailed off.

"Yeah, I thought you'd be confused. Well, I had better wake up now. I'll see you someday, where we can meet for real." She reached out and found his hand.

Grasping it tightly, she shook it and he shook it back slowly.

"Wake up? What are you talking about?" Hiccup blinked through the darkness.

"You're infected and so am I. Don't get your mind all in a knot. You'll know soon." She got up and her hand slipped away from his.

And she was gone. Just like that. Hiccup scrambled to his feet and called out to her. There was no answer. He called out again and his voice just echoed around him.

"CAMICAZI!" he screamed out.

"Hiccup! Wake up!" he felt a strong slap across his face.

Taking in deep breaths, he woke up to find himself in a warm room with Blaze's face hovering over him with a wide, toothy grin on his face.

"Glad you're okay, buddy. How ya feeling?" Blaze was all in smiles as he looked down at Hiccup.

3. Chapter 3: Hiccup gets around

****A/N:** Thanks guys for the awesome reviews and for being so patient! I'm really sorry for not updating sooner. September is always a hard month, so soon I'll be updating much faster =)**

Gasping for his breathe, Hiccup blinked. _How'd I get here? What happened? Where's everyone else? How's my wound? My leg? Who's Camicazi? What does 'infected' mean? Was I dead? Am I dreaming now?

—

"We really thought we lost you. Your leg was wreck and that nasty wound of yours had lost so much blood! Speaking of the woundâ€¦ It was AWFUL! Hiccup, it looked as if someone tore your whole left side

open!" Blaze cringed and Hiccup just blinked.

It finally came to him that Blaze had probably healed his wound and had placed in a new prosthetic leg. He reached his hand down and felt around the same place, where his wound had been.

Bandages. Thick, yellowish-white bandages wrapped tightly around his rib cage, waist and lower hip. By feeling around, he could tell that there must have been something under his bandages to stop the blood from coming back out.

Lifting his head slowly off the comfortable pillow, he glanced down at his left leg. Smiling he turned his left leg right and left. A brand new prosthetic leg was fitted on. It looked a lot like his old one, except this was a tad bit wider at the base and the metal wasn't silver at all.

It was sleek ebony color that made Hiccup wonder if metal even came in those kind of colors. As if reading his mind, Blaze answered.

"Snotlout and Anella painted it earlier." Blaze beamed and looked down at the leg.

"Where are they now? And everyone else?" Hiccup asked and tried to sit up.

He couldn't. His head felt heavier than usual and he had this weak ting of nausea rocking back and forth in him. When his hand reached up to his head, his eyes widened. Thick bandages were plastered around his head. For what reason, he didn't even know.

"Well, Snotlout and Tuffnut went off to check out the village. Anella is downstairs with Ruffnut, Fishlegs is checking out my bookshelves and Astrid is sleeping down the hall. Astrid called your name a few times in her sleep, so when you feel better you can go see her." Blaze replied and got up from the foot stool he was sitting on.

Stretching, he made his way across the room to a table filled with bottles. Hiccup turned his head on his pillow to catch a glimpse of the bottles on the table. They were all about 4 inches tall and each containing different substances.

One had a green gloppy liquid that reminded Hiccup a lot of vomit. When Blaze picked up that bottle to inspect it, Hiccup hoped he wouldn't have to drink that.

Another one was bright red and was glowing. Squinting, Hiccup noticed that the bottle had dragon scales in it. He had never known dragon scales could be used in medicine.

Now that he thought of dragon scales, he thought of Toothless and the other dragons.

"Blaze, where are the dragons?" Hiccup asked as he watched the healer rearrange the bottles.

"Outside somewhere. The Night Fury kept refusing to go outside, because he seemed to be really worried about you. But I assured him

that you'll be fine." Blaze sighed and finally came over to Hiccup's bed with a spoon and a bottle.

Smiling about the fact that Toothless was worried about him, Hiccup hoped he could see the Night Fury soon.

His smile faded the second he saw what bottle Blaze was holding.

It was the one with the vomit-colored liquid.

When Blaze poured the liquid into the spoon and held the spoon out to Hiccup, Hiccup tried to shrink away. The stuff not only looked horrible, but it smelled just as terrible. The smell was something between sweaty fur boots and really bad dragon breath.

"I'm not drinking that." Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut and turned his head away from the spoon.

"Hiccupâ€¦" Blaze began and brought the spoon closer.

"Did you ever try it yourself? It looks and smells dreadful!" Hiccup squeaked.

"I will never have to because I'm not going through what you are." Blaze rolled his eyes and Hiccup cracked one eye open to glance at the spoon.

"I'm not drinking that." Hiccup shook his head.

"Yes, you are." Blaze said firmly.

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"HICCUP, YOU ARE INFECTED FOR THOR'S SAKE!" Blaze wailed and brought the spoon closer.

Opening both eyes and turning his face back to the spoon, Hiccup stared up at Blaze with wide, frightened eyes. _Infected. There he said it. So Camicazi wasn't joking. What does being infected actually mean? Then again, it's not like Blaze will tell me anyway._ He thought and then looked over at the spoon, which was just a few inches away from his face.

When he opened his mouth, Blaze placed the spoon into his mouth and made sure Hiccup had all its contents inside him, before pulling the spoon back out. Getting up again, Blaze went over to the bottle-filled table again.

Hiccup swished the thick liquid around in his mouth and imagined to himself that it was just out of date soup. He tried not to concentrate on the taste too much yet. Except when he swallowed it and it ran down his throat, it tasted _nothing_ like soup. The taste was really foul and stung the inside of his throat.

It was a lot like a mixture of wet mud and something else Hiccup didn't even remember. As he finally got the last of it down to his

stomach, he opened his mouth and imagined how bad his breath would be now.

"Can I have some water?" Hiccup asked Blaze.

"Sorry, you can't eat or drink anything for a while now. Wait at least an hour." Blaze told him and stepped out of the room.

A frustrated sigh pushed out of Hiccup's mouth and he looked around the room.

The room was different than the one he shared with Snotlout, last time they had stayed at Blaze's house.

This one was smaller and the only things the room contained were a table and a bed. The window to the left of Hiccup's bed was wider and it had dark purple curtains hanging from the tops of the window.

Hiccup's tired green eyes moved toward the window and he wondered when would be the next time he would be able to go outside. _I could maybe try getting up now._ He smiled to himself and slowly began to sit up.

Blue circles and stars met his eyes and a strong dizziness attacked him right away. Moaning, he clutched his head and lay back down. Just because he lay back down didn't mean he was ready to give up right away.

Squeezing his eyes shut and holding his head, he sat up quickly. Once again the crashing wave of nausea smacked him and he waited till the feeling passed. Most of it rolled away, but even after his head still ached.

Swinging his good right leg over the edge of the bed, he set it down steadily onto the wooden floor. Next, he brought his left leg from the bed and when he felt the prosthetic touch the floor, he was ready to get up.

Steady, steadyâ€¦ he stretched his arms out and steadily began to lift himself off the bed. It took him good five minutes to actually stand up straight. As he glanced down at his feet, he gulped and began to lift one foot off the floor to make his first step.

Before he could step down, he slipped and skidded forward. His feet slid out under him and he was about to tumble down, but he managed to grab the bed. With his breath coming out hard, he concentrated on his feet and helped himself to a stable standing position.

This time he decided not to look at his feet, nor to concentrate on them and just let his eyes fall on the room's door.

No. I'll just fall again. Hiccup sighed and dropped down to his hands and knees.

He crawled toward the door with his prosthetic leg trailing behind him and hitting all the floorboards. He managed to reach the door in less than a minute.

Peeking outside into the hallway, he made sure Blaze wasn't there.

When the coast was clear, he rapidly crawled out of the room and toward the stairs that led down stairs.

Frowning as he looked down the flight of wooden stairs. He could always crawl down them, but what if his prosthetic slipped from under him like it did up in his room? And that's when Hiccup knew that it was time for one of those really stupid ideas (that got you hurt anyway. Unless you were really lucky!)

Holding onto the railing, he got up onto his feet and swung his right leg onto the railing. Pushing himself up, he hoisted the rest of his body onto the railing and let his legs hang over the right side. Sitting sideways with his arms gripping the top of the railing, he looked down.

"At least if I fall and crack my head open, I'll know never to go banister sliding ever again." Hiccup muttered under his breath.

He let go of the railing and felt himself slid down the long railing all the way to the bottom of the stairs. The feeling was amazing and he imagined himself riding Toothless and them diving downward.

Of course when Hiccup felt himself coming to the very bottom of the railing and sliding off it, he cried out as he crashed to the wooden floor below. The good news was that he made it to ground floor. The bad news was that he managed to reopen his horrible left sided wound.

Through the bandages he felt blood squeeze out and make his whole side feel warm and wet. Groaning, he wrapped his arms around himself.

"Hiccup!" came the voice of Ruffnut.

She hurried over to Hiccup and helped him to his feet. He stumbled and gripped her arm tightly.

"Thanks, Ruff." He winced and she led him to the bed by the front door, which Hiccup noticed had been fixed. He chuckled as he remembered when the door fell down the last time they were at Blaze's house.

"No problem! You okay? You like, didn't wake up for all these days. Kept moaning about someone named Cami—uh—. Cami-something." she replied and flashed Hiccup a typical Ruffnut grin, "She some girlfriend you met in your dreams or something like that?"

"What? No! I really have no idea who she is." Hiccup stammered and lay down.

"Well! You have no girlfriend? You could always take me out for a spin on your Night Fury." Ruffnut smiled.

"Ruff! C'mon!"

"I'm just joking, Hiccup!" she cackled and left to go into the kitchen area.

Hiccup shook his head and rested his head on the cool pillow, with his hand at his wound. It might have stopped bleeding, but he wasn't

so sure.

Now that Ruffnut had mentioned this girl named Camicazi, Hiccup couldn't get his mind off her. Who was she? How'd she know his name? WHAT DOES INFECTED MEAN? That last one was driving him insane. He had to know. Blaze probably wouldn't tell him, but he wondered if Anella would.

"Ruffnut? Where's Anella?" Hiccup called out.

"Here," Anella opened the front door and walked inside.

Hiccup looked at her and something looked strange about her. She wore a long black hooded cloak that shielded her whole body and the hood went over her head. The only part of her that wasn't covered was her face.

In her hands she held a bottle filled with a white liquid and what seemed to be some Night Fury scales. Hiccup thought of Toothless. Could something be wrong with him, or was it just something to do with Anella. _She's not half Night Fury anymore._ He thought.

"You want to ask me something?" Anella asked in a voice that didn't seem familiar to Hiccup.

"What does infected mean?" he asked back.

She stood there quietly for a second. Then, "Hiccup, you have a Mind Infection."

4. Chapter 4: Kept secrets and accidents

Without saying anything else to Hiccup, Anella began to walk away. Hiccup sat up in the bed and hugged his arms around his open wound.

"Hold on! What's a Mind Infection?" Hiccup cried out, before Anella could make her way up the flight of stairs.

No. He wasn't going to let it slip this time around. If no one would tell him what in Woden's name was wrong with him, then Anella had to.

Hiccup watched as she stopped, with her left leg hovering over the first stair step. Frozen, she didn't even turn to glance around at Hiccup. Instead, she just let out a short cough and after a moment of just standing there, she continued up the stairs.

"Oh c'mon! Please? I'm the sick one here and I think this would be a good time to turn around and explain to me what the heck is going on!" Hiccup called after her.

"I c-can't now, Hiccup. The full moon is tonight and I need to—" Anella coughed again and this time the cough was fiercer, as if it was being forcefully pushed out of her throat.

"What is this whole deal about the full moon?" Hiccup wailed. He was getting a tad bit frustrated and couldn't seem to take it anymore. It was that feeling inside him, where you just _had_ to know something

or you'll explode and go bonkers.

He didn't get an answer from Anella this time around. But he did get a growl that seemed a little too strange to be coming from Anella. She didn't say anymore and hurried up the stairs.

"Just drop it, Hiccup. A Mind Infection is where your mind is infected. There, easy as that." Ruffnut poked her head out from the kitchen area.

"Yeah, Ruffnut. That really helped." Hiccup rolled his eyes and flopped back down on the bed. He needed to stop thinking about the whole Mind Infection for a bit and maybe concentrate on something else. Something other than Anella's full moon deal.

He propped his pillow against the bed's headboard, so that he was able to see his legs while lying there.

It was his new ebony painted prosthetic leg that caught his eye. As much as he liked it, it bothered him in some ways.

To him it seemed a little bit too polished and glazed. His old leg blended in perfectly with the rest of him. Most of the time people didn't even notice it. That was the way he liked it. Now that he had this leg, everyone would be staring at it and making comments.

What Hiccup missed about his old leg was that it made that squeaking sound whenever he fitted it into Toothless' stirrup or whenever he walked around. The noise had reminded him that he had something there. _Hopefully this leg will get all scruffy soon and maybe the paint will peel off a bit and then it'll look okay._ Hiccup shifted his leg around over the bed sheets.

"Uh, Hiccup? Why ya staring at your leg like that?"

Taking his green eyes off his new prosthetic, he looked up to see Ruffnut standing there with a cup of steaming tea.

"There are some things that aren't right about it. Like that it doesn't squeak." Hiccup admitted and eyed the cup of tea in Ruffnut's hands.

"That creaking old thing? I'm _glad_ you got rid of it!" Ruffnut snorted and gave him the cup. Hiccup shot her a 'you-did-not-just-say-what-I-think-you-just-said' look, but she just ignored it and gestured at the cup.

Wrapping both hands around the cup, he took a small sip.

"Bleh! Ugh! What kind of tea is this?" Hiccup demanded and almost spat the tea in his mouth out. He squeezed his eyes shut tight and tried not to think about the foul taste.

"Am I the Healer here? Uh, no! Blaze just told me earlier to brew you some tea from the tea leaves in the green-labeled jar." Ruffnut crossed her arms and tried to suppress a laugh, as she watched Hiccup's disgusted face.

"Is he trying to poison me or something?" Hiccup blinked and let out a choking cough. He held the cup out to Ruffnut, who shook her head

and motioned for him to drink it.

"Ruff, please?" Hiccup cringed and held the cup out again. He tried to ask as nicely as he could, hoping she would give in and just take the cup already.

Ignoring him, she walked away and disappeared into the kitchen area. Letting out a loud sigh, Hiccup lay his head back down and held the cup in his hands. At least the cup was warm.

"WE ARE!" the loud noise of a door being kicked open exploded from behind Hiccup.

He jumped at the booming voice and spilled half of his tea all over his chest. Letting out a small shriek of pain, Hiccup's hands frantically flapped at his bandages. The hot foul liquid dripped into the inside of his bandages and he had to bite his lip to keep himself from screaming out.

"HEEEERE!" this time two voices cried out at the same time and Hiccup's hands flew to his ears.

It was Tuffnut and Snotlout back from their run around the village.

"Hiccup! You're alive!" Tuffnut grinned his usual crooked grin as he turned to glance down at Hiccup.

"Well, duh! He survived a Green Death! Twice!" Ruffnut entered the room again.

This time she carried a plate. Hiccup's stomach growled and his hand fell over his stomach. Wincing, he removed he moved his hand away. The places where the tea had spilled, felt hot under his touch. He didn't even want to mention the bandages. Those had a killer pain tearing under them and gnawing at his open wound. He had to remember to ask Blaze to change his bandages soon.

The plate that Ruffnut carried had a pile of boiled potato halves and a whole chicken leg on it. The thin smell made Hiccup's mouth water and he sniffed the smell that wafted from the plate. He couldn't remember the last time he had a decent meal.

"Sorry if it isn't a hot meal. I had to heat it a bit over the fire outside. But really it's all last night's dinner," Ruffnut said and handed Hiccup the plate a wooden spoon, "And have you drank your tea?"

Turning red, Hiccup shook his head and handed her the half full cup. She took it and peered inside. With an exaggerated sigh, she left to take the cup back to the kitchen area.

Both Tuffnut and Snotlout watched her go and when she left, they came to sit on the floor beside Hiccup's bed. At first, they just sat there watching Hiccup wolf down the potatoes. Annoyed, Hiccup looked up at them. They both looked away just as Hiccup picked up the chicken leg.

"Whath difth mhphou do ath themth villafe?" Hiccup asked with a mouth full of chicken.

"Huh?" Snotlout demanded and Tuffnut raised a thick eyebrow.

Swallowing, Hiccup repeated his question, "What did you do at the village?"

"Oh! Wellâ€¦" Snotlout smiled mischievously and elbowed Tuffnut.

At first Tuffnut began to tell Hiccup how they stole a pair of bright purple Monstorous Nightmares and rode them through the village and after raced them behind the village houses.

Snotlout interrupted Tuffnut with a shove and began to tell Hiccup how they managed to set some old shed on fire 'by accident' and how after a group of elderly vikings chased them down and demanded to hand the Monstorous Nightmares back.

Once they gave the dragons in, the two went to get some Fire Berries. Those were said to give you fire breath for a solid fifteen minutes. It had some kind of special Flame Village fire that didn't damage your mouth at all, because it was sprayed with something the vender didn't tell the boys. It could have been poison for all they knew. You just had to be careful with it around clothing. The fire could set clothes on fire easily.

Of course upon hearing that, Snotlout had stuffed all the berries into his mouth and had chased Tuffnut around, with fire blowing out of his mouth.

"I was this close to getting my pants and undies burnt off me!" Tuffnut wailed and got up to see if he really did have any burns on the back of his pants.

"Shut up about your undies, Tuff!" Snotlout pushed him. Tuffnut stumbled and fell back to the ground with a thud.

"So what about you, Hiccup? What did you do when you woke up?" Tuffnut asked and managed to kick Snotlout in the side.

"Blaze gave me some horrible medicine and then I went banister sliding. That made me re-open my wound andâ€¦" Hiccup began to tell him, but Tuffnut didn't want to hear anymore.

"Banister sliding? Snotlout, you hear that? He wakes from coma and goes sliding down the banisters!" Tuffnut grinned.

Snotlout nodded and rubbed his side, where Tuffnut had kicked him. He glared at smiling Tuffnut and finally got up.

Hiccup noticed that over the long period of time that the quest had been, Snotlout's dark brown hair had grown and reached up to his shoulder blades. He had stubble on his face and that made him seem older than he was.

Then, he looked over at Tuffnut. Nope. Tuffnut hadn't really changed. He was still lanky with lengthy blonde hair that fell over his shoulders and those troublesome hazel eyes of his. Tuffnut had the exact same eyes.

Breaking Hiccup out of his thoughts was a joyous roar that came from outside and seemed to be getting closer and louder. That roar Hiccup knew anywhere. Snotlout and Tuffnut had left the front door open so any second nowâ€¦

All of a sudden, a giant black, scaly, bright-eyed form squeezed its way through the open front door and galloped toward Hiccup with excited, puppy-dog eyes.

"Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup!" the Night Fury called out and knocked Snotlout and Tuffnut over, as it made its way to Hiccup.

Toothless nearly attacked Hiccup when he came up to his bedside. The dragon licked his owner's face and then nudged Hiccup's side with a toothy smile. The Night Fury was practically bouncing on his paws.

"You're alive! You're alive! You're alive! Fireworm said you were dead!" Toothless smiled and Hiccup had to hold him back, before he could be slobbered again.

"Toothless, don't worry! I'm fine!" Hiccup laughed at the dragon's liveliness. The Night Fury pushed his muzzle into Hiccup's hand and slowly relaxed.

Hiccup breathed in deeply and gently rubbed Toothless' nose. He told the Night Fury that he was okay once again and then Toothless moved his head away.

A pair of wide yellowish-green eyes met Hiccup's and he blinked his own green eyes. Smiling, he thought to himself what he would ever do without this dragon. _I would have still been working in Gobber's shop and would have never gone on this quest. I wouldn't have battled a Green Death or found the dragon's nest either._

"A little help here!" Snotlout hollered and Hiccup craned his neck to see what was going on.

Toothless' heavy tail was on top Snotlout and Tuffnut and Toothless was practically sitting on them.

"Hiccup! Kindly, tell your Night Fury to move!" Tuffnut tried to move Toothless' tail on his own.

Toothless didn't need to be told by Hiccup. He moved away and both vikings scrambled to their feet. Snotlout dusted himself off and stepped back.

"Well, you get better! We'll leave you to rest. But the day after tomorrow, or maybe even tomorrow, we leave for Berk. I think it's time we headed home." Snotlout told Hiccup.

Both Snotlout and Tuffnut left upstairs. Silence finally filled up the room. Not even Ruffnut was heard from the kitchen area. If she even _was _in the kitchen area. She could've gone out the back door.

Hiccup moved his empty plate and spoon onto the floor and finally closed his eyes for a nap. As his eyes closed, Toothless shuffled

closer to the bed and rested his head beside Hiccup's side. The Night Fury's nose tucked under Hiccup's arm and he gave a small satisfied smile.

In minutes, the two were snoring away with dreams dancing around in their minds.

****A/N: A happy chapter ending! It feels good to end a chapter like that. But don't worry! Next chapter we enter Berk and oh dear Gods, that place is a wreck. Not to mention danger awaits Hiccup and group. Dun-dun-dunâ€¦!****

****Before updating my other fanfics, I'll update this one again. So stayed tuned and review this chapter for now! Thanks guys =)****

5. Chapter 5: Reaching Berk

****A/N: Don't worry; I didn't forget about Astrid (or Fishlegs). She's just asleep now. She'll play a bigger role later in this story. In this chapter they finally reach the shores of Berk! Hope you guys like it! Thanks for the reviews, favs and alerts, guys!****

****Oh and all songs in this chapter belong to Cressida Cowell ;) ****

As the stars switched their lights on, the sky rolled out its inky blanket and the moon beamed down at the world below. None of the clouds dared show themselves that night. It was to be a free, peaceful night.

Blaze had flared up a bonfire and then called everyone to sit around it. He wanted this night to be a good one, since the next day would be full of preparation for the big journey back to Berk.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut, were first to hurry over. Ruffnut helped Blaze cook some leftover chicken over the fire, while Tuffnut dashed off to find fish for the dragons. At the smell of food, Snotlout sauntered over and plopped himself down on the grass next to Ruffnut, with his nose in the air.

Fishlegs came along with both Astrid and Hiccup.

Poor Astrid had her right arm bandaged up with a sling around her neck, holding her arm up. Her face was shining with sweat and a weak smile danced on her thin lips. The poor thing looked frail and weak, but her spirit was battling inside her. You could see it through her eyes.

Hiccup was looking alive and much happier than before. A giant grin twinkled at the corners of his mouth and his green eyes sparkled with a lively light. His new prosthetic leg was working perfectly and he didn't stumble once. Even his wounded hip and side weren't crying out or spitting out the usual blood.

The clothes that both he and Astrid wore were new and clean. Astrid wore a long, baggy beige shirt, new dark brown leggings, a large belt with a roaring dragon on the buckle, and new fur boots. Her blonde hair was let out from the thick braid she usually wore. It wasn't too longâ€”just reached her shoulder blades. The headband she usually wore was still there, holding her bangs out of her round

face.

Hiccup had a dark green shirt that was three sizes too big, with his thin belt that sat on his small hips. His old leggings were torn, so Blaze gave him a pair of black pants, along with one fur boot. His hair was messier than before his nap and it stuck up in weird angles.

"Hey, where's Anella?" Snotlout asked. He eyed the chicken leg Blaze was cooking.

Blaze looked up at the moon, which was full, and sighed with a shake of his head.

"She might not come tonight. Maybe a bit later." He turned the chicken leg over and finally handed it to Snotlout.

"It's the whole full moon deal, right?" Hiccup rolled his eyes in frustrated manner and Fishlegs helped him sit down on the ground. Astrid sat down beside him.

"Hiccup, calm down. She'll come." Snotlout replied through mouthfuls.

Sighing, Hiccup nodded. He had to calm down. Snotlout was right. He seemed to worry too much about everything. Ever since this quest, some of his nerves had busted and suddenly he didn't seem to believe that he ever had the guts to fight a Green Death. Twice.

Maybe it was just the Beguile Soul Eater incident and his left side injuries. Those had shaken him up pretty good. Especially the left side injuries.

"Here, Hiccup," Fishlegs handed him a chicken leg, "You hungry?"

"Yeah. Thanks, 'Legs." Hiccup took the food and took a nibble.

Once everyone was eating, Blaze got up to feed the dragons some haddock. The dragons had it down in seconds flat and Fireworm called out for more. Toothless nudged her.

"Aren't you concerned about your weight?" he snorted, as Blaze threw another haddock in Fireworm's direction.

"Oh look who's talking! I bet you this haddockâ€¦ uh, that you weigh more than me!" Fireworm snapped and got up.

Shrugging, Toothless got up and the two stared each other down. Then Toothless turned around and glanced at Goldsmoke. The Nadder had just swallowed down her share of haddock.

"Goldsmoke! Who looks fatter?" Toothless called to the dragon.

Alarmed by the question, the shy Nadder raised her head. Her eyes darted from Toothless to Fireworm and then she opened her wide mouth to speak. Except nothing escaped her mouth. She turned red and hung her head.

"Toothy! What kind of question is that?" Greenfang frowned and padded over to stand next to Goldsmoke.

The Gronckle seemed to have gained weight himself. To Toothless, it seemed as if the Gronckle couldn't even lift himself off the ground. Even Fireworm noticed. She squinted at Greenfang in a rude way. Toothless smacked her side with his tail to stop her from staring.

"It was Wormy's idea." Toothless said and his eyes darted to Fireworm's face, to see how she reacted to him calling her 'Wormy'. He knew she hated the name.

"I'd say Fireworm looks bigger," Greenfang blinked, "Right, Goldsmoke?"

Fireworm turned even redder than she was already was and a thin line of smoke flowed out of her nostrils. The expression she wore made her look scary. It was even scarier once you realized that one of her horn was missing.

While she wasn't looking, Toothless leaned down and snatched up the haddock on the ground. He caught it up into his mouth and let it slide down his throat.

"HEY!" Fireworm cried out, just the second Toothless licked his lips and gave her a wide innocent smile.

"Wellâ€¦ aren't you the fat one? I get the haddock. And oh, what a delicious haddock that was!" Toothless grinned teasingly.

Fireworm frowned and glared at him with her hard, menacing eyes. Greenfang laughed from where he stood. His laugh was cut short, when Fireworm sent her death glare in his direction.

"Fireworm, c'mon! Cheer up!" Toothless laughed at Fireworm's face. He nudged her shoulder with his nose and her expression changed almost immediately.

"What'd you call me?" she blinked and turned to glance at Toothless.

>"Uh, 'Fireworm'â€¦ what'sâ€¦" he stammered.<p>

"Thanks, Toothless." She smiled and nudged him back, playfully.

Blushing deep red, Toothless didn't say anymore. Fireworm got up and trotted over to Lightningflight/Bronzespark with her tail waving behind her.

"She likes you, Toothyâ€¦" Greenfang sighed and wiggled his scaly eyebrows at Toothless.

"She does?" Toothless looked at him with his puppy-like confused eyes.

He didn't seem to see how Fireworm liked him. She hated him and he knew it perfectly well. She had been an evil soul toward him ever since he could remember.

Then this quest came. Near the end, she began to warm up to him and Toothless now saw that she wasn't as snappy and evil as before. Looking down at his paws, he racked his brain. He seemed too confused. _What does Greenfang mean? I mean its good we're becoming better friends, butâ€"wait. He doesn't meanâ€"Love? No, it isn't like that. She's just nice to me because we spent so much time on this quest together. Back at home, we hardly talk._

Toothless was baffled by the term 'love'. It was a mysterious word that he didn't really understand too well. He looked up and his eyes stared at Greenfang. The Gronckle had a knowing smile on his scaly face.

"You mean as friends?" Toothless asked and cocked his head to his side.

"However you see it," Greenfang smiled and sat down.

Toothless nodded to himself. He sat down beside Greenfang and oh-so very slowly, his eyes moved over to Fireworm; who was talking with the two-headed Zippleback. If he studied her closely, he might have said that she was beautiful in some ways.

But all he'll say for now: she was still fat.

A smile curled on his lips and Toothless wrapped his tail around himself, as he lay down.

The fire that Blaze had started up was growing higher and it brought up everyone's spirits too. Most of everyone.

Once the food was eaten and the chicken bones were thrown into the fire, Blaze pulled a wooden flute out of his belt and began a familiar tune.

Toothless heard the song _somewhere_, but he couldn't exactly place his paw on it. Where and when had he heard it? He had no idea.

Raising his head a bit, Toothless saw that Hiccup seemed to know the song. Hiccup had closed his eyes and was tapping his fingers on his knee. The other vikings around the fire listened hard to try to recognize the song.

"I heard my parents sing this a couple of times!" Ruffnut gasped and Tuffnut scratched his head.

"They did?" he furrowed his eyebrows and when Ruffnut began to sing the words softly, he grinned widely.

Once I loved Truly, and my Heart paid the price,

Now let me love Truly, Thor, let me love TWICE!

_I have never cared for castles or a crown that grips too tight,

_

Let the night sky be my starry roof, and the moon my only light,

_My Heart was born a Hero, my storm-bound sword won't rest, _
_I left the Harbour long ago on a Never-ending Quest, _
_I am off to the horizon where the wild wind blows the foam, _
_Come get lost with me, Love, and the sea shall be our Homeâ€| _
_My one True Love vanished, and my heart broke that day, _
_But once you've loved Truly, Thor, then you know the way! _

The words had first left Ruffnut's lips and her thin voice carried the words of the first line around. Blaze lowered his flute and picked up with his boyish voice and Hiccup ran in at the fourth line.

No one had ever heard Hiccup sing. Usually during singing sessions like these, Hiccup just sat there. He was the quiet one. The one who sat in corners with his arms wrapped around his knees.

The fire brought a strong orange light to Hiccup's face and he smiled at the fire's warmth. The words that left his lips were new to even him. They flowed like the water in the running streams. They twirled and twisted gracefully and poured into the ears that were ready to listen.

Toothless pricked his ear fins to listen in on Hiccup's singing that mixed along with Ruffnut's and Blaze's voices. The other dragons even stopped talking amongst each other and raised their heads to see the singing vikings.

When the second round of the song started up, Astrid, Tuffnut and Fishlegs joined in. This time around, the voices were stronger. Even if some voices weren't as good as the others, they still sang.

The song came to an end and left everyone with glowing faces. All except Snotlout.

"Don't you know the song, Snotlout?" Fishlegs asked, from where he sat.

"Nope. Haven't heard it. Ever. But I do know one about the mysterious place called America." He replied with a proud smirk.

Standing up, Snotlout puffed out his chest and ran his hand through his hair. Clearing his throat, he began in a deep voice.

_I didn't mean to come hereâ€| _
_And I didn't mean to stayâ€| _
_It's just where the sea wind blew me _
_One accidental dayâ€| _
_I was on my way to America _
_But I took a left turn at the Pole _

And lost my shoe in the rainy bog
Where my heart got stuck in the holeâ€|
_I've heard that the sky in America _
_Is a blue that you wouldn't believe _
But my ship hit a rock on these boggy shoes
And now I'll never leave!
I didn't mean to come hereâ€|
And I didn't mean to sta-ayâ€|

He held the last note at least a minute longer and nearly choked from having to hold it in so long. A cough made its way out of him and he almost fell over. He gave a bow, so he didn't fall over and applause came from his audience. Ruffnut managed to throw in a whistle and Tuffnut cheered.

"Not bad." Blaze nodded and Snotlout sat back down.

"Anyone know any other songs?" Ruffnut called out.

"What about that song our parents sing during their parties?" Snotlout suggested.

"You mean the one they sing, when half of them are drunk andâ€" Tuffnut grinned.

"NOOO! Not that one! I'd rather sing '100 dragons in the sky'!" Astrid cried and Hiccup's eyes widened. He shook his head at her.

"Great idea, Astrid! Snotlout!" Tuffnut shouted out and stood up.

Snotlout jumped to his feet once more and put his arm around Tuffnut's shoulders. The two broke out into singing that sounded like cats wailing. Hiccup was first to cover his ears. Astrid shook her head.

"Tell me when they reach '1 dragon'!" Hiccup shouted to Astrid.

"Oi, that'll take a while." She groaned.

xxx

The wings of five dragons flapped through the freezing, winter air. Each flap followed by a loud puff of warm air flowing out of the dragon's mouths. Winter's breath would snap at the dragon's warm air and frosty air would swish into the dragon's mouths.

The cold was bitter and lashed out its wind whip out at the traveling vikings and dragons. Everyone had gotten so used to the hot weather in Flame Village, that they all forgot what winter really felt like.

"Berk is ahead!" came the excited, tiresome screams of the twins.

Sighs of relief were passed around and 12 sets of eyes looked down. Whoops of excitement came from Snotlout and then Tuffnut.

Right after the group had fallen asleep around the bonfire; Blaze had gone inside and packed baskets for them. Their old baskets were lost and no one really remembered what happened to them. Fishlegs did mention that they had them on the Beguile Soul Eater's island.

It obvious though that no one wanted to go back there.

By morning, Blaze had baskets ready and after feeding the group and dragons, he told them it would be best to leave as soon as possible. He said something about stormy skies and horrid blizzards. The rest no one understood.

"What about Anella?" Snotlout had asked Blaze.

"She'll fly down to Berk once she's better." Blaze had told him reassuringly.

"And when is that?" Snotlout had demanded.

After Snotlout's question, Blaze stayed quiet. No answer came from him. No answer was even needed. They all thought the same thing: Anella wouldn't be there for a while. And a while meant a really long time.

Before anyone had a chance to climb into their saddles and get their dragons to fly off, Blaze had run out and like a worried mother and checked everyone's wounds and injuries.

He tied up Hiccup's side with a whole roll of bandages and even checked his prosthetic leg for any loose parts. For Astrid, he used up another roll of bandages for her arm and gave her some of his foul tea for her morning headache. Snotlout's head seemed fine and the twins were bright as ever.

Then there was Fishlegs. He was the one who didn't even get injured. No cuts, no scratches or scraps. Usually, Fishlegs was the one who got hurt first. Unless Hiccup was there. Then he'd get injured right after Hiccup.

Once he had checked the vikings, Blaze ran around the dragons. He checked paws, heads, teeth and all those minor wounds they had gotten. Fireworm's missing horn wound wasn't bleeding and neither was Greenfang's missing tooth.

All the inspecting took at least an hour.

"Okay, and off we go!" Hiccup had said, from where he sat on Toothless.

"WAIT! I gotta go!" Tuffnut had cried out.

Groans went around, as Tuffnut hopped off the Zippleback to go use the outhouse behind Blaze's house. He came five minutes later and mounted the Zippleback next to Ruffnut.

"Okay, now weâ€" Hiccup's voice had rung out.

"I FORGOT SOMETHING!" Fishlegs cried out and waved his arms urgently.

"What'd you forget? You never forget anything!" Astrid shouted from Goldsmoke.

Fishlegs didn't answer, just ran into Blaze's house and came back with a thick book. He slipped it into his basket and beamed.

"Does anyone have something else they forgot?" Hiccup had called out.

He didn't wait for anyone to say anything. He just tapped Toothless' sides with his feet and let the reins tighten.

That's when the journey had begun and now they fell into the time, where Berk was right below them.

"HICCUP! LOOK!" Astrid shouted with a look of alarm dawning upon her face.

Both Toothless' and Hiccup's green eyes glanced to where Astrid was pointing.

Gasping, Hiccup's hands clenched into fists and his knuckles turned white.

It was a nightmare. He didn't need to be on solid ground to see that.

The first thing that caught his eye was the thin smoke that wisped into the air and curled upward. There must have been fires. Large fires. Most of the ground below was black with burnt trees and other burned up remains scattered about.

Squinting his eyes, Hiccup tried to make out any living soul. This must have been what the Green Death's second army did. They tore my home up and now I don't even know if anyone is alive.

"Toothless, you should land." Hiccup told his Night Fury.

He raised his hand in a gesture that showed the rest of the group to follow. They slowly began to fly down after Hiccup. Each not knowing whether to gasp, cry out or stay silent.

Toothless was first to hit solid ground. His paws thudded down and once he stopped, Hiccup slid off his back. He untied his basket off Toothless' back and set it down on the ground.

Holding back any emotions that could come crashing down, Hiccup took a small forward. The ground was soft and clouds of dust and ash mixed into the air, as he took his steps.

His eyes scanned the area. What had seemed like thin smoke from above, was really thick, clouds of smoke. It was hard to really see anything because of it. What Hiccup did manage to make out of what was in ahead of him, was broken down village houses.

They were missing roofs, walls and some only had beams sticking out of the ground. How many vikings could have been sitting in those houses. How many have died inside those very houses. The numbers must have been grand.

Afraid to take another step, Hiccup did. He just sucked in his breath and walked forward. A sloshing noise came from under his boot. Looking down, he gulped. It was a puddle of sticky, drying blood.

He shook his head and tried not to imagine whose blood that could've been.

This is only a puddle of blood. Who knows what else there is? He thought to himself and turned around to glance at the worried faces of his friends.

End
file.